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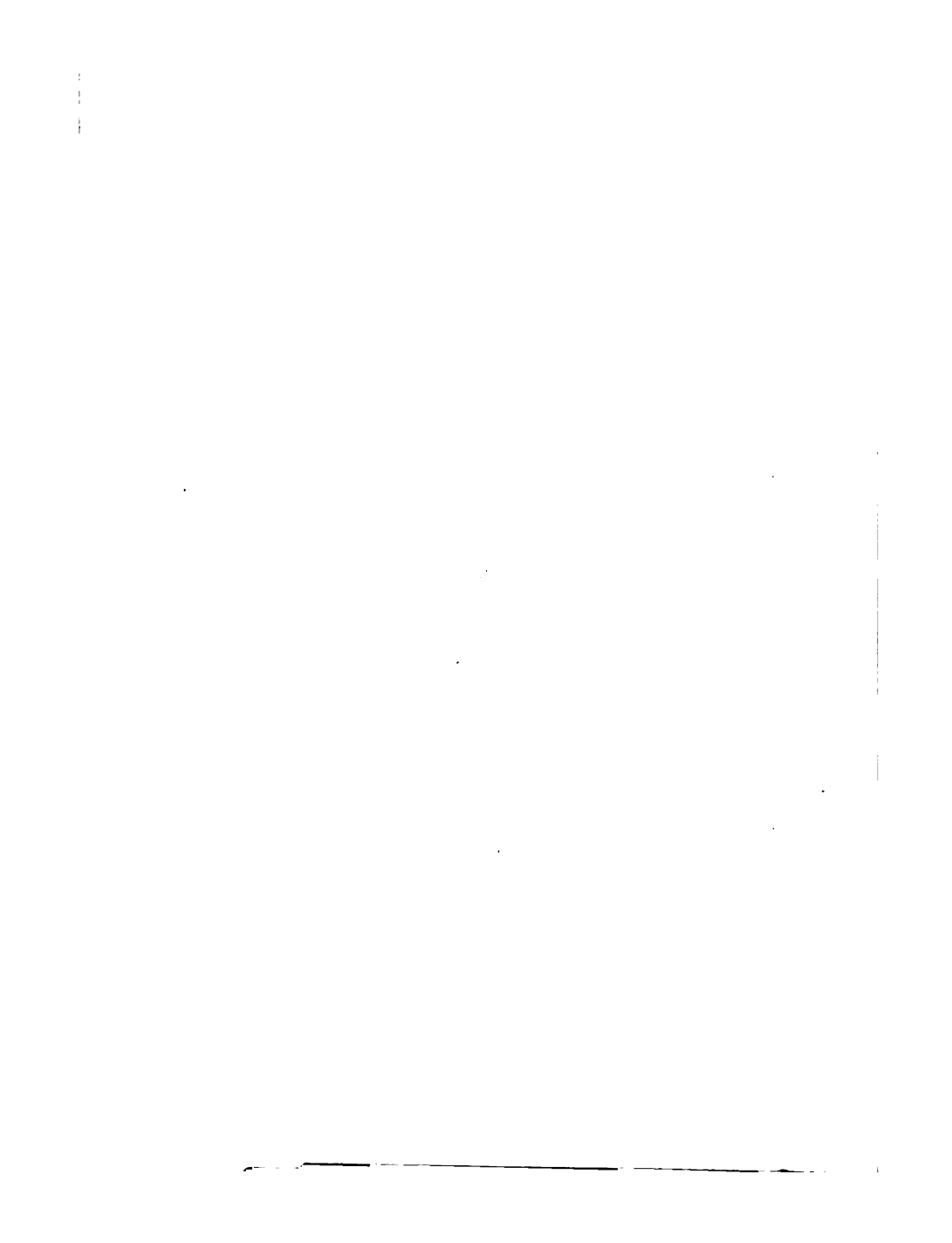
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p. 3.

THE INFANT ANGELO.

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ANGELO;

OR,

THE PINE FOREST IN THE ALPS.

BY

GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY,

AUTHOR OF
"CONSTANCE HERBERT," "THE ADOPTED CHILD,"
ETC.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ABSOLON.

LONDON:
GRANT AND GRIFFITH,
(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS.)
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

M.DCCC.LVI.



249. C. 70.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WERTHEIMER AND CO.
CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY CIRCUS.

TO MY NEPHEW,

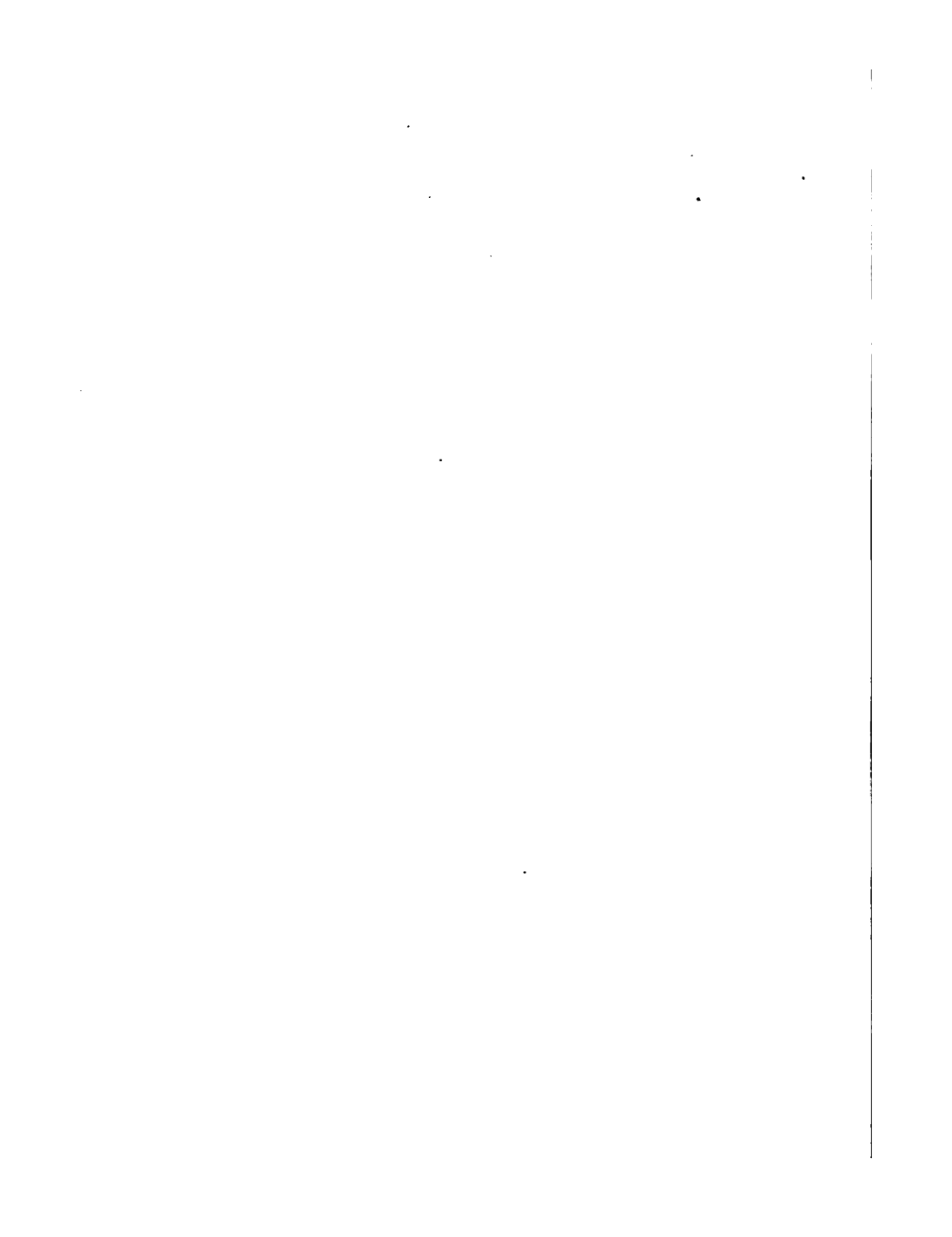
STAUROS,

THIS LITTLE TALE IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE AUNT,

G. E. JEWSBURY.



ANGELO;

OR,

THE PINE FOREST IN THE ALPS.

THERE was once a little boy whose name was Angelo. He lived in a village called Sallenches, amongst the mountains. It was a wild, lonely place; and the mountains around it looked fierce and rugged. A long way down below the village, there was a valley, where there was just room enough for a river, and a narrow road, that ran beside it, leading to the nearest town, which was some leagues distant. Upon the opposite side of the river, the mountains rose steep and straight, like the walls of a giant's castle.

Angelo lived with his grandmother, a very old woman. Her hair was quite white, and was turned

back under a cap; her face was dry and brown, like leather, and all over wrinkles; but her eyes were so large and glittering that you would have been frightened if she had looked at you. Although her figure was very thin and stooping, yet, when she spoke, it was in a loud, clear voice that was quite startling. She used to sit at her cottage door spinning. She was dreadfully cross and ill-tempered, and the children were afraid of her; for she not only scolded them if they came near her, and shook her distaff at them, but she used to mutter to herself, in a language they did not understand. Their fathers and mothers did not like her any more than the children; but they were careful not to offend her, for they said she was a witch, and they believed she could do them much harm. They also said she was more than a hundred years old. She was not so much as that; but, no doubt, she was of a very great age. She was not a native of the place, but nobody knew where she came from. So long as she was able to move about, she used to make journeys from home, to dispose of her spinning, it was supposed, but she never told any one what she

did; and once, when she returned home from one of these journeys, she brought Angelo with her, and said he was her grand-child, and that his parents were dead.

He was almost a baby, and had only just begun to walk. He grew up to be a very pretty child, with long bright curls and a delicate, fair skin, and was altogether different from the other children of the place, with their coal-black hair and sun-burnt faces. When he grew old enough, he used to take his grandmother's goats out to pasture. She had but two, and they were his playfellows; for the other children hated him and plagued him, and told him that his grandmother was a witch, and a wicked old woman.

One reason why the neighbours were not fond of the old woman was, that she never went to chapel, and was never seen to make the sign of the cross; nor would she suffer Angelo to do so either. I do not know what the neighbours would have said or done to her if they had been left to themselves; but the curé was a good man; who often went to see her, and he told the people they must behave well

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to her, and he set them the example. He used to speak kindly to Angelo whenever he saw him, and so it happened that, partly out of respect for the curé, and partly because they believed she had the power to do them mischief, the neighbours were tolerably kind to her, and took it in turns to help her in various ways, when she grew past her strength to do much for herself; but they never considered her as one of themselves.

One night, when Angelo was about eight years old, he was awakened by a bright light, and saw that the bed, where his grandmother lay, was all on fire. There was a dreadful smoke and smell that nearly suffocated him; and he ran out of doors screaming with affright.

The nearest neighbours, roused from their sleep, came in haste to the spot; but before they could enter the cottage, the roof fell in with a great noise, and the poor old woman was burned to death.

The neighbours were obliged to look to their own safety, for the wind was high; and, after the roof had fallen in, the fire blazed fiercely, and the wind carried large flakes of fire to a great distance. Some of

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these settled upon the roofs of other cottages, and set them on fire.

There was no water nearer than the river, which was a long way off; and the people were so stupified that none of them tried to do anything, but stood shivering in the night air, watching all they had in the world burnt before their eyes. Happily, no other lives were lost and the wind fortunately changed; so that the rest of the village escaped, and only the houses that stood nearest to the old woman's were destroyed.

The neighbours, whose cottages had escaped, were very kind, and took the poor houseless people home with them. The fathers, mothers, and children were so glad to find each other safe, that they did not think about the loss of their property: only poor little Angelo had nobody in the world left to care for him. At first, every body was too busy to think of him; and when he was recollected, he was thought to be in some other of the neighbour's houses. It was not until late the following morning that Angelo was discovered lying, quite cold, and apparently dead, beside some great

stones, beneath which, the legs of one of the poor goats could be seen. They had both been killed by the falling in of a wall. The neighbour took him up in his arms, and carried him to his own cottage. Angelo was not dead; and after the neighbour's wife, whose name was Babbette, had rubbed his poor little stiffened limbs, and poured a few spoonfuls of warm milk down his throat, he opened his eyes; but he could not recollect what had happened. Babbette spoke kindly to him, and laid him down on the bed, for he was quite worn out. The warm covering Babbette placed over him was very comfortable; and in a few minutes he fell fast asleep.

There was a great deal to be done in the village that day. Those who had sustained no damage, had to help those whose cottages had been burned, to recover what they could from the ruins, and to make the bare, black walls habitable once more. But, before they began to work, they began to talk, and to settle amongst themselves, how it was that the calamity had occurred. They all agreed that Angelo's grandmother was the cause of all. Thus

the dread they had ever felt of her was increased tenfold; and they were firmly persuaded that it was her malice that had brought all this evil upon them. The silly people did not reflect that she had suffered more than all of them; not only had she lost her life, but every thing she possessed in the world was destroyed. At last, that no one might ever rebuild her cottage, or live upon the spot, they all went in a body to the ruins, which were still smoking, and piled up stones and pieces of rock over them, and set up a large black cross over the whole. This, they thought, would drive all evil away: but they called it, in their own language, "the accursed spot;" and no one would, ever afterwards, pass the place after dusk; and even in broad daylight, nobody liked to do so. This was very foolish of them; but the worst of it was, that it made them very cruel and unfeeling towards Angelo, as you shall hear.

It was late when Angelo awoke. No one was in the house. The sun was shining brightly into the place, and every thing looked strange and different. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He could not tell

where he was, nor recollect what had happened. He got off the bed, and ran out of doors. His grandmother's cottage was nowhere to be seen. The neighbours had just set up the black cross; and all the boys in the village came shouting to Angelo, when they espied him, and began to jostle him and pull him about, shouting the while—

“The old witch is dead and gone;
What must we do with the grandson.”

Angelo was terribly frightened, and tried to get away from them; but they kept him amongst them, and would not let him go, until one of the men called out to them roughly to leave off playing, and come and make themselves useful. At the same moment Babbette, who from a distance had seen what was going on, darted amongst them and drove them off, and taking Angelo by the hand, led him back to the house. She took him into her lap, and spoke comfortably to him; it was the first time in his little life that Angelo had been caressed, for his grandmother had never petted him. He felt as if he loved Babbette dearly, and was not so miserable. Babbette fed him herself with some

soup; and when it was all gone, she tied a little medal round his neck, which she firmly believed would keep all evil away from him, as it had been blessed. She bade him never to part with it, and to be a good boy. Babbette had no children of her own, and her heart was drawn to this poor little desolate boy; but she knew that her husband would not allow her to keep him, and what was to become of him she did not know. She wished the curé would come home, that she might ask his advice; and she thought that perhaps he would persuade her husband to let Angelo stay with them.

Angelo did not know of all these perplexities: he was happier, poor child, than he had ever been before. But Babbette could not sit still nursing him any longer; she had a great deal to do about the house, as she had been helping her neighbours all day. She gave Angelo a little knife and a piece of wood, and bade him try to carve out something pretty for her.

The Swiss are famous for the skill with which they carve objects in wood, many having no better tool for it than a little, common penknife, neither very

good nor very sharp. The children are encouraged to begin early, so that instead of cutting sticks, or hacking the furniture, they find it just as amusing to carve their bits of wood into something either pretty or useful. The cottages in which they live, being mostly built of wood, are generally adorned on the outside, with beautiful, carved work. Angelo had a very pretty notion of this work for so young a child. He had been accustomed to try to make different things whilst watching his goats, so instead of cutting his fingers, he began to shape a spoon for Babbette, and carved the handle of it in a twisted pattern, which was very ingenious. He took great pains, and became so much engrossed with his work, that for the time he forgot all his sorrows; and he worked so hard, that the spoon was nearly finished by bed-time. He rose the next morning by daylight, to have it ready for breakfast; and then he asked Babbette for another piece of seasoned wood, that he might make it into a cup for her to drink from. Babbette was glad that he had anything to amuse him, and she made him useful in many ways, so that he was kept from thinking too much about himself.

Babbette and he grew fonder of each other every day. Her husband was very busy helping the neighbours to build up their houses; and as he took little notice of Angelo, Babbette began to hope that Angelo would remain and be their child. But one evening, about a week after the fire, a man entered the village, driving two asses before him. He was a cruel, dreadful-looking man,—his hands and face were blackened with charcoal,—he wore a peaked hat and a goatskin jacket, with the hair outside,—his breeches scarcely reached to his knees, and his legs were bare; only his shoes were fastened to his feet with straps, that crossed and re-crossed each other half way to his knee. He had fierce, black eyes, with great, shaggy brows, and a beard to match. He had a thick, knotted stick in his hand, at the end of which there was an iron pike, to assist in climbing the mountains. He struck his asses with his stick, and made them trot before him.

It was drawing towards evening when he entered the village, and the people had most of them retired to their houses. He paused for a moment, to look at the ravages of the fire, and then he went for-

wards and knocked at the cottage of Babbette's husband. Babbette herself opened the door: and they were just sitting down to supper. At the sight of the stranger she started back.

"Have you forgotten me, mistress? It is long since I was here before."

"It is Paul," said her husband, coming forwards. "He is come in good time."

"Yes, my brother, here I am. We have had a long march; and both I and my asses are ready for our supper."

"Come in, then, and take my place by the fire, whilst I see to the beasts."

The stranger came in without more words. Babbette told Angelo to take his litter away, and busied herself in taking off the fire a large black pan of steaming soup, and pouring it into wooden bowls for supper; but though she said nothing, it was easy to perceive that she was not pleased with this unexpected arrival. The stranger sat down in the best place by the fire, and glanced about sideways from under his scowling brows; he could not look straight or steadily upon anything.

"I did not know you had a child," said he, looking towards Angelo, who had moved to the window-seat.

"He is not ours," replied Babbette, shortly. She could not bear that he should notice Angelo, it seemed like a wolf looking at a lamb. She bid Angelo go out to see if he could help her husband with the donkeys; but just then he came in, and heard his brother's question.

"No; he is none of ours. He belongs to no one hereabouts."

"Come to supper," said Babbette, who had been making a great clatter with the spoons and bowls, to drown their voices, and ordering sharply about, as though she were angry; but she did not want Angelo to hear more. There was nothing for supper but the soup made of cabbage, some sour bread in the shape of a large rolling-pin, and a cheese made of goat's milk. The stranger made short work with the soup; but when it came to the cheese, he asked for something to drink, and his brother handed him a bottle of their country cider. It was wonderfully sour, but the people in those

parts thought it delicious. Their visitor was of a different opinion; he made a wry face, and drew from his pocket a large flask, which he put to his mouth, and after a hearty draught handed it to his brother, who was nearly choked at the first mouthful.

"Too strong for you is it?" said the other, with a grim smile. "Mix it with water then."

"We are country people, and not fond of new fashions," said Babbette.

"Who asked you to talk?" said her husband.

Babbette was silent, she did not wish to irritate her husband, who had been in a fearfully bad humour ever since Angelo came. Babbette hurried him off to bed almost before supper was over, to get him out of her husband's sight; and whilst she busied herself with putting away the supper things, her husband and his brother fell into conversation. Neither Babbette nor her husband were proud of the relationship, for this brother was a very bad fellow. He had been sent to the galleys for robbery and violence, and had narrowly escaped being hanged. After his liberation he had enlisted

for a soldier, and been discharged in consequence of an accident. He then took to going about the country with charcoal, sometimes with pottery; but he led a rambling life, never remaining long in a place. His brother had not seen him nor heard any tidings of him for several years; but now that he had come in so unexpectedly, he could scarcely say that he was surprised.

"Where do you live when you consider yourself at home, Paul?" asked his brother at length.

"I am at home wherever I happen to be; but I live by the pine-forests, two days journey higher up amongst the mountains."

"And you have never been all these years to see us?"

"No, why should I? you are none so glad to see me now that I am here. But you are become a rich man, seemingly, if one may judge by your keeping a child that is not yours."

"I am not intending to keep him; I am only waiting till the curé comes home, to say what must

be done with him; I had better have let him die when he was so near it."

"O husband, how can you say so? It is a wicked shame to be so hard-hearted and covetous, and no good will come to you if you turn away this poor orphan child."

"There now!" said her husband roughly, "when you once begin, there is no end of your talk. What is the child to you? I hate the sight of him."

Babbette was a kind-hearted woman, but her temper was hot. She was indignant at being made "to feel small," as she expressed it, before her husband's brother; she forgot her prudence, and began to upbraid her husband with his hard-heartedness in very bitter words.

"Come, come," said Paul, "no quarrelling; you can do that when I am gone. What would you say, my brother, if I were willing to remove this pretty bone of contention, and take him along with me, to help me to drive the asses, and to cut wood in the forest?"

"You!" said Babbette in a tone of horror.

"Yes; why not? A boy like that would soon

be useful; and to cut wood is a trade like any other: he must learn to do something. I had a boy once just his age, but he died; and I want some one in his place."

Babbette shuddered. She would now have given anything if she had kept her temper; but she had exasperated her husband, and now he would go contrary to all she might say, for the pleasure of punishing her.

"Do as you please," said Paul; "it is a fair offer. I will take him off your hands to-morrow, and will engage that he shall not come back upon them."

On hearing these words, Babbette began to weep bitterly. At length, as if struck by a bright thought, she said, "But if the child will be useful to you, he might be of use to us also."

"Nonsense!" replied her husband roughly, "we did well enough without him. What do we want with him? I am resolved,—yes, I am resolved,—that if Paul will take him, with Paul he shall go. Let us have no more words about it. It is high time to go to bed."

A bed had been made up beside the fire for Paul; and shortly afterwards they all went to rest.

Now, all this time Angelo had heard every word that passed, from the little closet where he lay; and he was very frightened at the thought of being taken away by that dreadful-looking man into a strange place, and he began to consider within himself what he would do. He could not go to any of the neighbours, for he knew they would not take him; so he just thought that he would creep softly out of bed, as soon as all was quiet, and hide himself somewhere until the stranger had departed, and then he could not be sent away. He lay quite still, until he thought every one was asleep, and then, scarcely daring to breathe, he groped his way across the kitchen towards the door, which he knew was never locked. He was close to it, and his hand upon the latch, when he felt himself suddenly clutched by the leg, and a gruff voice said, "Holloa! where are you going?" Angelo could not suppress a cry of terror. Babbette's husband called to know what was the matter.

"Go back to bed, or it will be worse for you,"

said Paul; "you will not get out of this house until you go along with me."

Angelo felt as though he were melting away with terror. After giving his leg a vicious grip, that seemed as though it must break the bone, Paul relaxed his grasp, and Angelo was thankful to escape back to bed. Towards morning he fell asleep, and was awakened by Babbette, who was crying bitterly. She told him sorrowfully to get up and dress himself. He did not need much dressing; for his clothes were only a tattered jacket and trousers, and a pair of wooden sabots; but Babbette brought him a pair of stockings, of her own knitting. She kissed him, and bid him be a good boy, and always to say his prayers night and morning.

"But will God hear me, when I go away from here?"

"To be sure, He will; the curé tells us so. He said one day that, 'The angel of His presence is about those that fear Him, to deliver them;' and that 'He is always near when we call upon Him.' So promise me that you will, and then I shall not feel so miserable."

"Do you think He will take care of me?" asked Angelo; "if I were sure of that, I should not feel afraid of anything. But He did not take care of grandmother; He let her be burned."

"Oh hush! you must not talk in that way," said Babbette; "we do not know how that was; but do you say your prayers, and you will have help, you will see."

"Are you going to chatter there all day?" cried Babbette's husband. "Come and give us some breakfast: Paul wants to be off."

"I am coming," said Babbette hastily. "Now give me one kiss; and do not cry. I cannot bear to see it."

Angelo flung his arms round her neck, and sobbed till he was nearly choked.

"Oh, my mammy, my mammy! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Hush, hush! my darling. I will pray to God, and perhaps He will let you come back."

"I won't go; I won't go."

"Who says 'won't,'" cried a rough voice, and Babbette's husband came from the kitchen.

"Oh hush!" whispered Babbette, holding Angelo closer to her. "Do not, do not hurt him," she cried, as her husband seized him roughly, and pulled him away.

"Let me hear another sound, and he shall have something to cry for," said he, giving him a shake. "Now, are we to go without breakfast for this nonsense? Come, see about it, will you?"

Babbette went sorrowfully enough into the kitchen.

"What a piece of work you are making about nothing," said Paul, who was by chance in a good humour; "you are going to see the world, and you shall ride on one of the asses. You will never be a man, if you cry."

"Oh, Paul, be good to the child," said Babbette in a low voice to him.

"To be sure; why not? He will come back to you a rich man some day, and then you will think how foolish you would have been to keep him."

Angelo could eat nothing; but he left off crying, and only a deep sob came from time to time.

Babbette went about the kitchen as though she did not know what she was doing.

The asses were brought to the door; Paul doubled an old sack, and placed it between the panniers of one of them, and lifted Angelo upon it. Babbette put a little bag into his hand, and went back hastily into the house. She sat alone beside the table, leaned down her head upon her arms: and even her husband did not venture to disturb her by saying anything. How long she remained there, she did not know; but when she looked out of the cottage, the men were no longer to be seen. The drinking-cup which Angelo had been making for her the night before, lay amongst some chips in the window-sill. She picked them all carefully up, and put them by in a drawer, to which no one went but herself, and then she went about her household work, and did not speak a word, good or bad, to any one for the remainder of the day.

When Angelo came to look into the bag which Babbette had given him at parting, he found in it some cakes made like rings, a few pieces of copper

money, and a picture, representing an angel with beautiful wings, and holding in its hand a tall, white lily; also, there was the little knife with which he had done his carving. But, under present circumstances, the picture was the treasure of treasures; it was like finding a friend when he had fancied that, she, the only one he had in the world, had been left behind. Babbette had told him he "must say his prayers, and be a good boy" and that then God would take care of him. His old grandmother had often and often told him to be good, but Babbette had thrown a new light upon the matter, she had told him that if he were good, God would take care of him; and here was a picture of the Angel she had talked about. Perhaps, if he had not been so lonely and so miserable, he would not have thought of all this; but now he clung to the thought that God would hear him and take care of him, it was the only hope he had in the world. What being a good boy meant, he did not very well know, but he thought that he would pray to God, and then perhaps He would let the Angel teach him. He did this exactly as if he had

been asking Babbette for anything he wanted, and then he began to look about him. He had never been a mile from home in his life before, and it was quite a new thing to ride upon the ass.

Paul did not talk, nor appear to take any notice of him, but whistled and kept his donkeys at a smart pace. The country grew wilder as they proceeded; and they continued to ascend the mountains that lay beyond Sallanches. Towards the middle of the day they stopped to rest under a rock that overhung the road, and the donkeys were turned loose to graze upon what they could find growing. Babbette had filled Paul's wallet with everything she could spare; not for the love of him certainly, but for the sake of Angelo, that he might fare the better for one day, at least. Paul was in a gracious mood; and gave some of the best morsels to Angelo.

"Well, youngster; so you have dried your tears? You find that I am not going to eat you. If you are only a good lad, and do all I tell you, I will make a man of you; but it must be all I bid you, mind that."

"Yes, I will try," said Angelo, meekly.

They resumed their journey up the mountain; the way grew steeper and rougher; sometimes the path was so narrow and broken, that it seemed as though they must fall down into the valley beneath, where the river could scarcely be seen, and where the tall pine trees were growing so far down below, that they looked no larger than gooseberry-bushes. The asses were very sure-footed, however; and Paul trod as firmly as a wild goat. Soon afterwards, a white mist, which had been long following them, overtook them, and began to descend in the shape of a small, thick rain; the air became like ground glass, and Angelo could not see over the ears of the donkey. The rain soon penetrated through his scanty clothing; and the air was bitterly raw and cold. He began to cry, but very softly to himself; he begged the Angel to make him warm and comfortable; but instead of that, everything grew colder and darker every moment.

Paul appeared to feel a surly kind of compassion for the child, and threw a coarse sack over his shoulders.

"Come, there is a village hereabouts, where we will stop for the night, and there will be a fire, where you may warm yourself—we shall be there in a few minutes."

He laid hold of the ass's bridle as he spoke, and led the one upon which Angelo was seated, down a steep descent that branched away from the road they were travelling, and after a few moments they arrived at a small village, or rather a few huts, which stood in the hollow of a steep mountain.

A hideous old woman, whose throat hung down like a bag, was just coming out of her door.

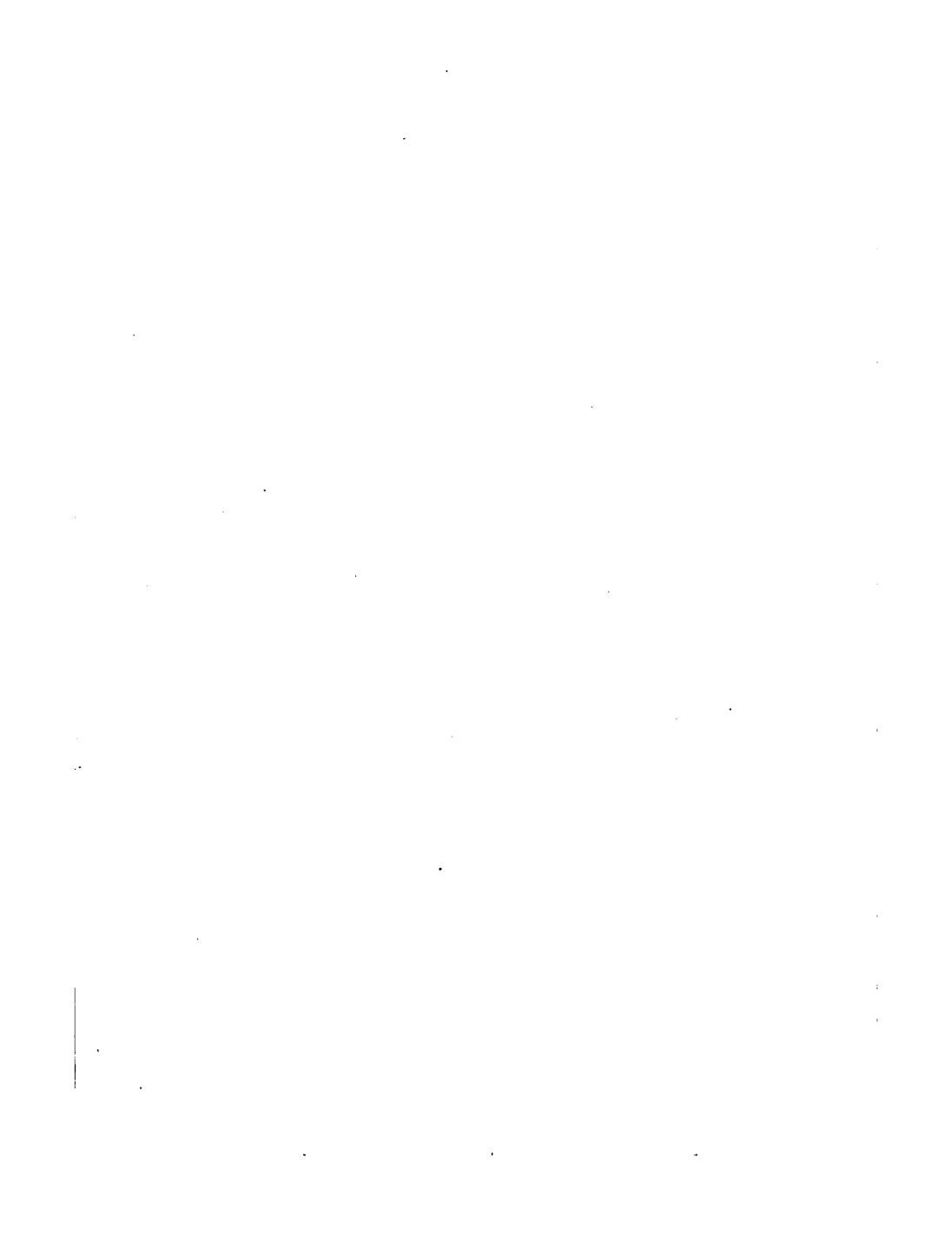
"Can you give us a night's lodging, goody?" asked Paul.

So she bade them to enter; but Angelo was so stiffened with cold and fatigue, that he could not walk when lifted from the pannier. The old woman was very compassionate, she took off his wet clothes and put him to bed, and gave him some bread and milk. He was too tired to speak, but he just recollected his prayers, and muttered to himself—"Please, God, do not let Babbette cry, and make me a good boy," then he fell asleep.

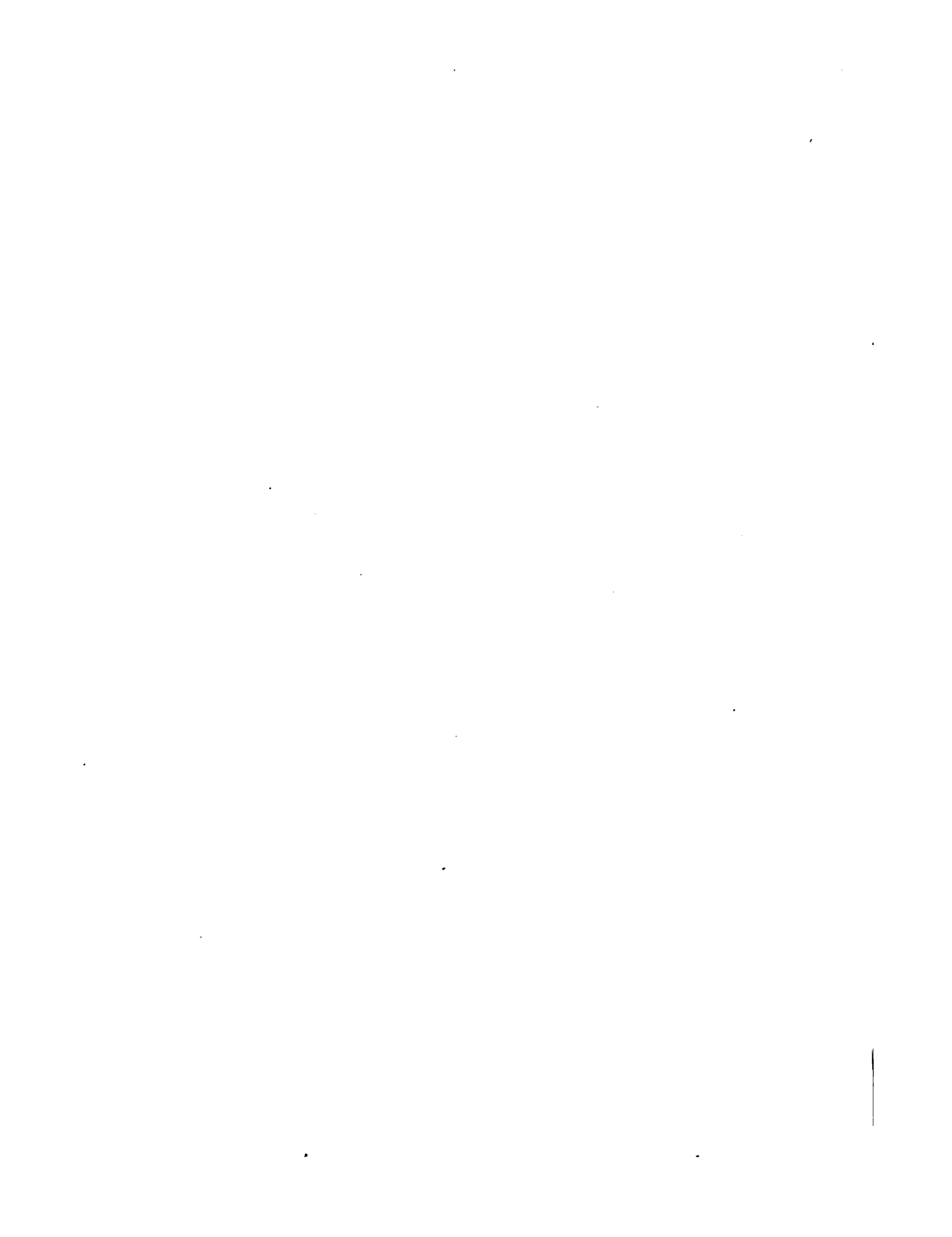


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ANGELO AND PAUL.



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The next morning he was very stiff and sore, but he got up when Paul told him. Doing as he was bid was the one thing that the poor child knew to be right, and he did it. The old woman had dried his clothes, and upon going away she put a piece of honey-comb into his hand; it was the first time Angelo had tasted honey.

All that day Paul was surly, and when he spoke to Angelo, it was in a brutal manner. Towards evening they struck up a steep, narrow path to the left, that brought them to a village on the ledge of a rock. It consisted of a few miserable houses, built of blocks of stone, or rather of the rocks that lay piled in all directions, as though some great mountain had been shivered to pieces. The houses were rudely put together, without any cement; there were no windows, long spaces were left for air and light. Some of the cottages were without doors. The men looked something like Paul. The women were dirty, and many of them had the same kind of hideous swelling as the old woman. The children were playing about, and

looked like beggars. Everybody came out to see them.

"Why, Paul," cried one man to him, "you have another boy. Whence did he come from? Who let you have his child?"

"He is nobody's child," growled Paul, "my brother gave him to me; and what have you to say against it?"

"Oh, nothing; there will be no one to ask questions, if there should be another accident. All the boys you bring here to work for you, meet with accidents."

Paul made no reply, but glanced fiercely on the speaker, and quickened his steps towards a hut that looked a degree more ruinous than any of the rest. It had a door, but it was half off its hinges. A bed in one corner, a broken table, and a few stools, were all the furniture. Paul drove the asses into a shed attached to the cottage, and seeing Angelo standing, not knowing what he was to do, he said, in a sharp tone—"Come, do not stand there, like a fool, fetch some wood to light a fire."

"Where is it, please?" asked Angelo, timidly.

"How should I know? There is plenty in the forest."

Angelo looked bewildered, as well he might; but he quietly left the hut, and meeting the man who had first spoken to them, he said, "Please, sir, to tell me the road to the forest?"

"It will be dark there; what do you want with the forest, at this time of day?"

"To get some wood to make a fire please, sir. Paul sent me."

"Come with me, I will give you a faggot. You must not go to the forest alone, the wolf would take you."

Angelo was very thankful for the faggot; but he began to think about the forest and the wolf, and to feel afraid of what he would have to do to-morrow. Probably Paul had expected some such solution of the difficulty, for when Angelo returned after a few minutes, bearing in his arms a bundle of faggots as large as himself, he expressed no surprise, but merely bade him lay them down, and go to fetch some water. Angelo could scarcely

stand, he was so tired; but he took up the large, earthenware pitcher, and went silently towards a clear rill of water, which he remembered to have seen falling from the rocks as they entered the village. But the pitcher was heavy, and the pieces of rock about the spring were large and slippery. He filled the pitcher, with some difficulty, but in taking it up again he lost his footing and fell; the pitcher was broken to pieces, and his hand was cut against the sharp stones.

"Get up, little one," said a woman's voice. "I would not be you for something."

"Oh! what must I do?" said Angelo, sobbing piteously, from fright and pain.

"He will beat you; he always beats his boys, for something or for nothing, as the case may happen. Poor thing, you look as though a blow would break you to pieces, like your pitcher. Take this to him, and tell him Mother Jeannette has kept the pitcher."

"Where have you been so long?" cried Paul, savagely.

"Please, I fell down; but Mother Jeannette has sent some milk."

"You have broken the pitcher, you mean! but I will teach you the road to the well, another time."

With this, he aimed a blow at Angelo; but the child shrank on one side, and it fell upon the bowl of milk, which was all spilled upon the ground. This only made Paul more angry; and Angelo nearly died with terror, when he saw Paul take up the strap that fastened the asses' panniers. He tried to creep away, but Paul seized him by his long, curling hair, and began to lash him furiously. Angelo screamed with pain, but the blows came heavier and faster, till he felt himself snatched away and carried under Jeanette's arm out of the hut.

"Poor little fellow! It is a shame to beat such a mite of a child! But come, be a man, and don't cry; he has not broken any bones, and we will soon cure the pain."

She washed his bruises, with salt and water,

and rubbed them with oil; and put him into her own bed to sleep.

His prayer that night, was "Please God do not let Paul beat me; and make me a good boy."

He soon fell asleep; but the next morning, when he awoke, he was so sore and stiff, that he could not move without dreadful pain.

"You must get up;" said Jeannette, "I dare not keep you any longer. He will have forgotten everything this morning; do not let him see you cry. Another time, when you see him drinking out of that stone bottle, get out of his way; you can run here."

She put some more oil to his bruises, which were now quite black; and giving him a draught of milk, and a hard crust in his hand, bid him run.

"What must I do, if he is not awake?"

"Light the fire, if you know how; fetch some water, and make yourself handy, it will put him in a good humour."

"I used to light the fire for grandmother;" said Angelo.

"Well, there, do it now; and he won't beat you."

It was with fear and trembling, that Angelo crept back to the hut; his master lay snoring on the floor, with a large stone jar beside him. Angelo began softly to kindle the fire; there was no chimney, the smoke found its own way out through the crevices of the walls and through the opening for the window, as well as it could. It soon blazed brightly, and then Angelo went to the spring for water; he met with no accident this time, and then, as there was nothing more to do, he crouched down by the fire, until his master should awake.

At last, Paul opened his eyes; and Angelo, tried to creep out of sight. Paul stretched himself violently, and seeing the pail of water, he took a long draught; then, looking at Angelo, who was in the corner, he nodded to him, and said, lazily, "Come, we shall be friends, if you go on so; where is the breakfast?"

This Angelo could not tell, for nothing eatable was to be seen; but Paul took out of his bag, a few broken pieces of coarse, black bread, and some hard cheese; he gave some to Angelo, who washed

them down with water; and felt thankful that his master seemed content, with him. As soon as this scanty meal was ended, Paul bid Angelo loose, the asses, for they must be off to the forest.

At the word, Forest, Angelo's heart sank, he recollected what the man had said about the wolf; but he was more afraid of Paul, so he did not speak, but did as he was bid.

All the village was by this time astir; some were going to their fields, and some were driving their asses before them to the forest; the women were busy in the houses, and some little children were playing about.

When they had passed the village, which had not more than a dozen scattered houses, they turned aside into the dark, pine forest, where there is only a green twilight, and the tall pine trees grow amongst large blocks of mountain rock, covered with moss, and long, thin grass.

The air was quite silent, nothing could be heard except the sound of the river, far down below them, as it rushed over the rocks that stood in its way. The dim, silent loneliness of the place, was

awful; and Angelo, who had never entered a forest before, felt himself half dead with terror, of he knew not what. But Paul knew the forest, and every pathway in it; he strode along, till they came to a spot which had been somewhat cleared, where the ground was blackened with marks of fire, and several trees, already felled, lay around: other men and boys from the village, were arrived, but Paul was the most skilful woodman among them, and they were waiting for him.

A large tree was marked and cut down, Angelo and the younger ones were set to lop off the small branches. It was an exciting scene, Angelo worked his best, and forgot all his woes and bruises. Paul did not strike him the whole day; he even said he was "a handy little fellow." But when they got home at night, Angelo was so tired, that he fell asleep over his supper, and did not awake until the next morning, when Paul roused him with a rough shake, although he had had no other bed than the floor. This was his usual life; but sometimes they went with the asses to the nearest town, to sell charcoal and fire-wood,

and here Paul always laid in a stock of liquor, on which he got drunk, for many days. His temper then was so savage, that it was a wonder he did not kill poor Angelo in some of his fits of fury; for at those times he did not know what he was saying or doing. Jeannette was generally on the watch, to rescue the poor child out of his hands, but she could not always save him from dreadful beatings. He was kept so hard at work all day long, cutting wood, binding it into faggots, and piling them in stacks, that he had no time to play; indeed, at the end of the day's work, he was always far too tired for any thing but sleep. His bed was nothing but a handful of straw, in one corner of the hut, and an old, dirty, ragged blanket. He never knew what it was to have as much as he could eat, so he was always hungry; and the poor child must have starved, if Jeannette and the neighbours had not given him an occasional crust, or a cup of milk. But, worse than hard work, and hard blows, or, even hunger itself, was, that there was no one to teach him anything good. The people in this village lived like heathens, there was no

chapel and no curé; the men all got drunk like Paul, when they had the opportunity, none of them were so brutal and violent, but they were coarse and stupid as their own asses.

Angelo never forgot what Babette had told him about the angel; and it had taken a deep hold of his childish heart; he believed that God and the good angel could hear him when he spoke, and see him, although he could not see them; and the more miserable and lonely he was, the more he thought about them. He talked softly to himself, and told the angel everything, as he would have done to a playfellow; he believed the angel was just like the picture Babette had given him, with beautiful crimson wings, splashed with gold, and holding a lily in its hand.

So time passed on. He had been with Paul some months; it was now late in September, and the days were growing short. One day, it happened that Paul had been very bad-tempered, and had struck Angelo several times, and said that he wished him dead, because some of the faggots had been too slightly bound together, and others had not been piled exactly as he wished. Angelo was

very miserable, and sat down under a tree at dinner time, and cried bitterly, wishing he were dead in reality, to be out of the reach of Paul.

When he went home that night, after putting the asses in the shed, and giving them their fodder, he found Paul drinking out of the stone bottle, which had been replenished within a few days. Paul told him, before he eat his supper, to go back to the forest to fetch his axe. Now Angelo had never got over his dread of the forest; he was afraid to be alone there, even in the daylight, and now the night was coming on, he showed no haste to depart; he was afraid of Paul, but he was more afraid of the forest.

"Do not let me go to-night, please do not. I am so afraid."

"I will give you something to be afraid of," said Paul savagely, and he laid hold of the terrible strap. "Will you go? or do you want a taste of this?"

Angelo moved towards the door, to get out of his way, when Paul said, in a slow, quiet voice, and a look that made his blood run cold, "If you do not go at once, I will cut you to pieces."

Angelo went out of the hut, intending to take refuge with Jeannette; but Paul followed, and stood at the door to watch him. Angelo went slowly, slowly up the village. Those who saw him pass thought he was going for water; but one man, seeing him stand still a moment, and then turn up the path that led into the forest, said, "What can the child want in the forest at this time?" and that was the last that any of them ever saw of Angelo.

The next morning, when Paul awoke from his drunken sleep, he looked round for the child, but he was not there, nor was the fire lighted, nor the water fetched.

"He is at Jeannette's, and afraid to come back," said Paul to himself; "going there shall not save him from a beating."

But he had not been near Jeannette, nor had any of the neighbours seen him since he went up the village the evening before.

"I heard you threaten to cut him to pieces," said one man; "perhaps he is afraid to come back."

All the people in the village were very fond of Angelo; and when it was known he was lost, they

all turned out to look for him. They went first to the faggot-stack; Paul's axe was lying where he had left it, but there was no Angelo. The great blocks of rock that lay overthrown around, were covered with moss, and were slippery from recent rain; if Angelo had strayed from the pathway, and become entangled among them, there was little hope that he would be found alive; but no traces of him were to be seen, until, after a search of several hours, one man saw something white a good way down below them. He scrambled down, and found the little bag that Angelo had always carried round his neck, where Babbette had placed it; the picture of the angel, the knife, and a small piece of wood, with the beginning of a flower carved upon it, were all the bag contained; and now no one doubted but that poor Angelo had missed his way, lost his footing, and had fallen down into some of the deep chasms between the rocks. Everybody was very sorrowful to think that he had come to such a dismal end. But it was a wild, solitary part of the country, and there was no magistrate to take notice of Angelo's disappearance, or to call Paul to account.

The people went back to their homes, and all went on as before, except that from that day no one liked to speak to Paul, the children hid themselves when they saw him coming, or their mothers would dart out of the house, and snatch them in, if he passed by. He felt that they thought him a murderer; he was very miserable, far more miserable than ever he had made Angelo, or any of his other boys: he drank more than ever out of his stone bottle, and said such dreadful things that no one durst pass by his cottage.

One morning, not long after Angelo had disappeared, Paul took his axe, and driving his asses before him, went away out of the village, and never came back to it again.

CHAPTER II.

Poor little Angelo had not fallen down that deep gap between two rocks, where his bag was found but all through that terrible night he was in the midst of many and great dangers; and if he were preserved in life, it was through the good providence of Him "to whom the darkness and the light are both alike." He guided the steps of Angelo, and took care of him when he had no friend in the world, and was driven out into this dark, wild forest amongst the mountains. Angelo entered the forest in an agony of fear; the trees took all manner of frightful and fantastic shapes in the deepening gloom; there were strange noises, which in daylight would have been unheeded, but which at that hour seemed to be unearthly; the distant rushing

of the river, the sound of great stones and pieces of rock rolling down into the valley beneath, the creaking of the wind amongst the branches of the trees, and, most terrible of all, a dismal sound, that he fancied was the cry of wolves in the distance, but it was only the scream of the owl. All these made his heart sink within him for fear; but he prayed to God to let the angel help him. He put his hand into the bag that held his treasures, and at that moment he stumbled over a fallen tree; the string of his bag broke, and the fall jerked it out of his hand, down the steep place where it was found, and where, if he too had fallen, he could not have escaped with life. But he was guided safely, although he had long since lost his way, and knew not whither he went. At length, worn out with fatigue, cut and bruised by his falls amongst the rocks, he sat down at the foot of a tree; and finding it hollow, he crept into it, and fell asleep. He was awakened the next morning by the sound of a most lovely melody; he had never before heard anything like it; and he thought it must be made by his angel.

Angelo had, in the course of the night, wandered

very far from the village where he had lived with Paul, and had descended the other side of the mountain, where there was another village, on the opposite edge of the forest. He was stiff with cold and fatigue, and did not recollect how he came there; but he arose, and went in the direction whence the sounds appeared to come. In a little while he saw a chapel in a niche of rocks; a number of villagers were coming from the door, one of whom carried a little infant, which had just been christened. They none of them saw Angelo, who was concealed by a rock, and they were going further down into the valley; but the curé, who left the chapel last, came up a winding path, exactly to the spot where Angelo was standing.

“Who are you, my poor little boy, and where do you come from?” he asked, looking at him compassionately; for Angelo had lost both his sabots, his feet were bleeding, and his clothes were torn.

Angelo looked at him, but did not reply.

The curé spoke again, and Angelo began to cry; being worn out for want of food. The curé took the hand, and said, “Come along with me,



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poor child." He led him to his house, close to the chapel, and calling his servant, bade her wash his poor, little, bleeding feet, whilst he himself prepared a large bowl of hot milk and bread.

"Poor little boy!" said the compassionate old woman, "he has wandered far. He belongs to somebody who will be sorry enough, not knowing he has fallen into good hands."

"No; there is nobody who will be sorry about me, only Paul, and he will beat me for having lost my way."

"And who is Paul, my little man?"

"Paul?—he is the man they gave me to, when grandmother was burned."

"They gave you! Who gave you? Have you no father or mother?"

"No, I never had. I had grandmother."

"And who is Paul?"

"A man in the village up yonder; he has asses, and cuts wood, and makes charcoal. I must go back, or he will kill me. And I could not find his hatchet. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Come, do not cry, little man; and we will see what can be done. You shall not go back yet."

This promise consoled Angelo a little; and, under the influence of the good fire and the good breakfast, he fell asleep in his chair. The curé took him up and laid him in his own bed, and came back to consult with Madame Molé, his only domestic, as to what was to be done with him.

"He is nothing but skin and bone, and all over marks of blows and bruises. He has been starved and ill-used," said Madame Molé; "it is a shame to see him."

"I wonder who he belongs to," said the curé.

"He is too pretty to be one of the children in that village over on the other side. I have been told that they do not live like human beings, and are worse than heathens," said the housekeeper.

"Hush," replied her master, "we are not to speak ill of our neighbours; and, besides, it does this poor child no good."

"If we find that he really belongs to nobody, as he says, might we not keep him, sir? One would not turn away a masterless dog if it came to one;

and this child seems to have been sent by Providence."

"We will see about it; we will see about it; but meanwhile, we have had no breakfast, and I am hungry."

"Well, to be sure, only think that I was forgetting you!" and the old woman bustled about.

Angelo had drunk up nearly all the milk; but neither Madame Molé nor her master cared for that.

After breakfast she went to look at Angelo, who still slept; but he was tossing and moaning in his sleep: sometimes screaming and begging for mercy. She called her master, who declared he was in a fever.

For some days Angelo was very ill, and it seemed as though he must die. He was delirious, and went over all his past life; sometimes he took Madame Molé for Babbette, and sometimes for Paul; but through all he was good and patient. The curé and the housekeeper both grew very fond of him; and the curé determined to keep him, and not let him return to the man who had treated him so ill.

When Angelo was able to speak, and to sit up, the curé questioned him about his former life. Angelo told all he knew; and the curé understood it better than he did. There was no more scruple about the right to take him away from his cruel master.

"Will you remain with me and Madame Molé," said he, one day, "instead of going back to Paul?"

"Oh, if I might!" cried the child, with his eyes sparkling; "but what will Paul say if he find me out? He will beat me with the strap."

"I will take care of you. I do not think Paul will come here; and if he does he shall not have you again."

Angelo's lips moved.

"What are you saying my child?"

"I am thanking God, and telling my angel."

"He is not a heathen then," said Madame Molé."

"Who taught you that?"

"Babbette told me I might pray to God; and I asked Him to let me stay here."

"And so you shall, dear child," said the curé.

"In all your ways acknowledge God, and he shall bring it to pass."

"But when I was with Paul, I used to pray to him to make me a good boy, and not to let Paul beat me, but Paul beat me nearly every day; so I suppose I was not made good. They do not beat good boys, do they?"

"God has many lessons for us to learn," replied the curé, smiling; "trust and patience are the first. We must wait His time and His way of answering us. But now tell me, has He not delivered you from Paul? Did He not preserve you in the forest, when you had lost your way among the rocks? and has He not sent you here to me, that you might be further taught in His ways?"

"And was it God who did all that for me?" asked Angelo, with awe.

"My child, He does more for us all than we can either ask or think. He loves us more than we can love any earthly friend. He is always near us; and He never forgets us. But now go and tell Madame Molé that you are to remain here; and tell her she must find you in work."

Angelo ran off. His heart was quite full, and he wanted to do something to shew his friends how thankful he felt for all their kindness.

That same day the curé went to the chief magistrate of the district, who lived at a town some miles off, and told him the circumstances under which Angelo had come to him, and obtained his authority to keep the child from any claimants who could not prove a right of relationship.

He had a neat suit of peasant's clothes made for Angelo, and gave him shirts and stockings, neither of which he had ever possessed before, except the one pair of stockings which Babbette gave him when he was taken away from her. Madame Molé washed him and trimmed his hair, which had become sadly wild and tangled. When he was dressed, no one could have recognized the poor little miserable wanderer who had come to the village.

From that day Angelo's life became a happy one. He did all he could to prove his gratitude to his kind friends; and it was wonderful how useful such a little fellow contrived to make himself. He fetched wood and water for Madame Molé; he

worked in the garden; he milked the cow, and drove her to pasture. Under Paul's teaching, he had become a clever workman for his age; and he employed his leisure moments in building up quite a beautiful stack of fire-wood, against the winter. King Solomon says, "A child may be known by his doings;" and no one could have seen Angelo without perceiving that the one idea with which he worked was love.

The curé soon found that no one had been at the pains to teach him anything good, except the few words that Babbette had said to him, and these words sank into his heart. He had borne them in his mind, and fulfilled them as well as he knew how, during the weary months he had been under Paul. And now the time was come, when he was to be taught further how to love and serve God, which is the only purpose for which either men or angels were created.

The curé placed Angelo in the class of children whom he instructed every evening, in the sacred doctrines and practice of religion. He was never weary of hearing about God and Jesus Christ, and

the angels; and about heaven, where the angels dwell in His presence, holy and perfect for ever; and about the holy men who had lived upon earth, and who had loved God before all things. Angelo desired with all his heart that he might be like them. But the great joy of his life was, when he was taken to chapel for the first time. The sound of the organ seemed more beautiful than even the bells; and the solemn yet joyful singing of the congregation, made him think that he must be really in the heaven of which he had heard. He wished that he too might join in these heavenly sounds, and then he thought he should desire to do nothing else all his days.

After he left the chapel, Angelo wandered away into the fields by himself; he wanted to be alone. He lay down upon the grass, under the shadow of a rock, beside the waterfall that was in the valley beyond the curé's fields. His heart was filled with new, strange thoughts; everything he saw looked quite different to what it had ever done before—the grass, and the rocks, and the singing-birds seemed to have a meaning. He lay quite still, not frightened, but awe-struck, as he thought that it

was God Himself who had made all these things—they were really and actually “the work of His hands.” He had never thought of this before; but now he looked at all the objects around him with awe and reverence, and wondered if they would ever speak to him and tell him about God. He lay in the same spot without stirring, pondering these things in his mind. He was at last aroused by the sound of voices calling his name; and when he looked up, he saw the curé, who, alarmed at his absence, had come himself to look for him.

“My child,” said he, “where have you been? I have sent in all directions to look for you. I feared you had met with some accident.”

“I have been here all the time. I did not know it was so late. Has Madame Molé wanted me?”

“No; but she has been anxious about you, and supper is ready.”

The table was laid for supper when they arrived, and a bright fire was burning in the kitchen, which was very pleasant, for the evenings were cold. Angelo had never thought of food, although he had not eaten since breakfast. Madame Molé had made

a cake, and it was not until he began to eat that he discovered how hungry he was.

Madame Molé watched the disappearance of her cake with great satisfaction. "You find it good do you, little one?" asked she, laughing.

"Ah, yes! and you are good too. How came you to think of it?"

"Well, I do not just know. I wished to give you a treat. But what have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"I have been out by the waterfall beyond the fields. I did not know how time went on."

Angelo could not have spoken to any one of the thoughts that had been in his heart all day, and he hoped Madame Molé would not ask him any questions; but Madame Molé was inquisitive. She liked always to know everything; and no one could ever tell her all she wanted to hear about a thing. She began to ask Angelo how it had happened that he forgot dinner time, and what else he could be thinking about.

Angelo was silent, and looked distressed. The curé, who was watching him, came to his assistance,

and said—"It is all quite right. The child has my blessing; but I do not wish him to be questioned."

Angelo felt very grateful, and wondered how the curé came to understand his feelings so well.

Madame Molé tossed her head, and began to make a clatter with the supper things; and Angelo got up to help; for he feared she was vexed.

When he went to bed that night, the curé laid his hands upon his head and said—"God bless you, my child; and when He gives you good thoughts, as He has done this day, keep them in silence, for talking hinders much good."

After he was in bed, Angelo began to think what there was he could do to shew his affection for Madame Molé; but he fell asleep in the midst. The thought, however, was always in his heart, and came out, without his being aware, in everything he did.

The curé was accustomed to allow the elder children of the village, as a great privilege, to take it by turns to sweep the chapel, trim the lamps, and do all that was needful for the service of the sanctuary. To Angelo's unspeakable delight, he was

allowed to join them, although he was by far the youngest amongst them.

As the winter came on, and there was less to do out of doors, the curé taught him to read and write. He took up his old habit of carving objects in wood. He made a box for Madame Molé, carved all over with shapes of his own devices. Madame Molé was extremely proud of her box, and even the curé admired it so much, that Angelo wondered whether he would ever be able to carve anything that would be worth placing in the chapel.

Angelo was now a very happy child, but very quiet. He did not care for play, like other children, or for companions of his own age. The lonely life he had led with his grandmother, and afterwards, the hardship and ill usage he suffered with Paul, had left his spirit subdued; his heart, besides, was now filled with other thoughts. He was so gentle and affectionate, that everybody in the village loved him; but he seemed to be separated from them by a shining veil. He was, in truth, always thinking to himself about the celestial city, where God and the angels dwelt, with the clear and

shining river of the Water of Life running in the midst—the city which God Himself had builded “of pure gold like clear glass,” which was not lighted by the sun or the moon, but by His glory, which was the light of it; and he thought of the beautiful, shining angels, whose home is there, but who leave it to come and bring help to those who need it upon earth. He had been struck with the psalm which the curé had read in chapel about the “angels that excel in strength—ministers of Him to do His pleasure, hearkening to the voice of His word.” When he was not engaged in his other employments for Madame Molé or the curé, he liked to lie under a tree, meditating upon these things, and endeavouring to carve beautiful shapes, like those he saw in his thoughts. This was the only play he cared about.

One day a stranger arrived to visit the curé. He was a tall, grave, majestic-looking man. He had a long beard, half way down his breast, and he was dressed in rich garments, of a fashion altogether different to those worn by the villagers. Upon his head was a velvet cap, in which a feather was fas-

tened by a rich jewel. The curé seemed more delighted than Angelo had ever seen him; and Madame Molé set to work to prepare the best dinner she knew how to cook: there was plenty for Angelo to do that day.

In the evening the curé sent for Angelo into the parlour. Angelo was sitting in the chimney-corner, beside Madame Molé, silently carving a bunch of lilies, but wondering within his mind about the majestic-looking stranger: and his heart beat when he entered the parlour. The curé and the stranger were seated at a table. A small-framed picture lay between them.

"This is the child of whom I spoke to you," said the curé.

The stranger fixed his large, calm eyes upon Angelo, and said, in a soft melodious voice, "My friend here tells me that you are skilful to do carved work in wood. Will you let me see some samples of your cunning?"

"Do so, Angelo," said the curé.

Angelo obeyed.

The stranger looked at the different objects in

silence. At length he lifted the green silk curtain from the picture upon the table, and held it up before Angelo. The child's eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed as he gazed upon it. "My angels! my angels! Yes, that is as I have tried to think of them; but they never appeared to me clear and beautiful, like those." Underneath the picture was written, "Come ye blessed, and inherit the kingdom prepared for you." The angels were meeting and rejoicing over those who had been found faithful. It was marvellously beautiful. The whole picture seemed to be painted with light and gold, like the bright clouds at sunset.

"He will do," said the stranger, who had watched him.

Angelo was engrossed in gazing upon the picture, and did not hear.

"You like that?" said he, laying his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

Angelo turned his look upon the stranger, but did not reply.

"Well, I did it. I am a painter; I live in a city far from hence, called Rome. If you will

come with me, I will teach you all I know; you, too, shall be a painter."

Angelo looked bewildered, from the stranger to the curé.

"Well, Angelo, what do you say. Will you go with my friend?"

"And leave you and Madame Molé—how can I? Will you come, too?"

"No, my child; our lot lies here. But for you it is different, you can never learn to be a painter here."

"I will stay with you," said Angelo.

"Gently, my child. God has given you a talent which you must learn to use. You remember the parable of the servant who hid his lord's money? But is there any work you would like to learn better?"

"No," replied Angelo, firmly. "I would desire to paint above all things; but I cannot leave you. How would Madame Molé do without me?"

"We shall be very—very grieved to lose you. But there is no doubt that we ought to let you go."

"You will come back to see them again, as I have done," said the stranger, smiling.

"Perhaps, sometime, I may paint a picture good enough to be placed in the chapel," said Angelo.

"To be able to do that, I would go to the end of the world."

"Well, then, it is settled; you will come along with me to-morrow. I make myself responsible to the curé for my care of you. I take charge of your future mode of life."

"And to you I dare trust him," said the curé; "I know you of old."

When Madame Molé heard the news, that Angelo was to depart with the stranger, to live in Rome, a place she had never heard of, she began to weep bitterly, and even reproached the curé with cruelty, for sending away the orphan who had been so wonderfully guided to him. Both the curé and the stranger strove to re-assure and console her; but she wept bitterly, and nothing but the necessity of packing up Angelo's clothes, could have dried her eyes.

As to Angelo, sorry as he was to leave his bene-

factors, the idea that he was going to Rome, to become a painter, had begun to take possession of his mind. The stranger, too, attracted him; and he felt that he would be glad to call him master. Nevertheless, when the parting really came, he fancied himself very ungrateful, and he besought the curé, with tears, to let him remain.

"No, my child; it is right you should go. You are shewing your obedience to me in going. I will follow you with my prayers, and God will be near you there, as here. You will not forget to pray to Him, as you have ever done?"

"Pray to Him that I may not," said Angelo, sobbing. "I don't know what I shall do, when I have not you any longer to teach me what is right."

The curé tried to smile and speak cheerfully, but he was dreadfully sorry to part with the child; while Madame Molé wept without stint or restraint.

The painter cut short the scene of parting. He grasped the curé's hand, and said, "For your sake, he shall be to me as a younger brother, and you shall hear how he prospers—farewell." He

told Angelo to take up his bundle, and leading him by the other hand, he struck down a path amongst the rocks, with which he seemed quite familiar.

The curé and Madame Molé returned to the house, which was very sad and lonely for many weeks after Angelo's departure. But after some time they received tidings that he and the painter had arrived safely at Rome. After this they heard nothing more for a long while. In those days letters did not travel readily; but the curé never failed to remember him in his prayers daily.

CHAPTER III.

THE painter had left his servants and luggage at a town a few leagues distant; for although he came alone, and on foot to the curé, he travelled like a person of distinction. Their journey lasted several days; and Angelo was so bewildered by the succession of strange objects, that he scarcely knew whether he were awake or dreaming. The very food was different to what he had ever tasted before. At last they arrived in Rome, and halted before the gates of the courtyard of a large mansion. It was here where the painter dwelt. The domestics came out to receive their master; he turned to Angelo, and led him by the hand into the house, that his people might understand they were to treat him well. He spoke a few words to an

elderly, grey-haired man, who seemed the head servant, and he walked before them across the hall paved with marble. He threw open the door of a small room, which was furnished with a little bed, a table, and a few chairs; a curiously carved oak chest stood in one corner, and a picture representing our Saviour as a little child standing at his mother's knee, hung upon the wall. A large, brass lamp was fastened to a pulley in the ceiling, so that it could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The walls were whitewashed, and the window was some height from the ground. The floor was composed of red, glazed tiles, instead of boards.

"This is to be your own room, Angelo," said the painter, kindly; "you are at home here. You would do well to go to rest, after your journey. Pietro shall bring your supper, and to-morrow, I will introduce you to your companions. You are at the entrance of your career in the world, and I pray God to have you in His holy keeping." He lifted his cap reverently as he spoke these last words; then, saluting Angelo, he flung his mantle over his shoulder, and strode out of the room.

Angelo was left standing alone in the middle of the floor, feeling even more lonely that he had done in the Pine Forest. All the home-sickness, that had been distracted by the constant change of the last few days, came back with a dead weight upon his heart, and he leaned his head against the side of his bed, and began to cry bitterly.

A good-natured-looking serving-man brought in his supper, and lighted the lamp; but Angelo was too miserable to eat, and only turned his face away from the light. The servant, whose name was Pietro, tried to comfort him, but Angelo's tears having once begun to flow, were not to be assuaged, and he at last sobbed himself to sleep. The next morning, the painter sent for Angelo to his own room to breakfast with him; and, as they sat at breakfast, he told Angelo how the curé had been good to him many years ago, when he fell ill of a fever in the village. He was then quite a stranger, and very poor, and was travelling on foot to Rome, to learn to be a painter. He then talked to Angelo about Madame Molé, and about different people in the village, whom Angelo knew as grave middle-aged men, but whom the painter recollected as quite

young men. Angelo had not cared much about them when he was at home, and he was quite surprised that he felt so glad to hear about them in a strange country. The painter encouraged him to talk about himself, and to tell all he could recollect of his grandmother and his old home at Sallanches. Angelo grew light-hearted as he talked, and no longer felt so lonely.

"God has been very gracious to you, my son," said the painter, when Angelo was silent; "let your thankfulness to Him be shewn forth in your life. Pray to Him to guard you in temptation, as you have prayed to Him in bodily danger. But now it is time for work; follow me."

They rose from table, and Angelo followed the painter along a gallery, at the end of which hung a heavy curtain, which the painter drew aside, and they found themselves in a spacious hall, where a number of young men were at work, laughing and talking among themselves. At the entrance of the painter, they fell silent, and came forward to welcome their master, whose hand they respectfully kissed.

The hall was filled with many strange and beautiful things, the like of which Angelo had never

seen before. There were armour, and tapestry, and many-coloured Turkish carpets, Venetian mirrors, and articles of furniture in carved wood were standing about; also statues and pictures. On a raised dais, at one end of the room, a large half-finished picture stood upon an easel; and the young men seemed to have been busily engaged upon other pictures.

Angelo stood in bewildered surprise, whilst the painter and the young men interchanged their greetings.

"I bring you here a younger brother," said the painter, at length; "receive him as one whom I love well." He glanced his eye amongst them, and, beckoning to a slight, pale, and very handsome young man, he said—"Angostino, you will be his master at present. Instruct him, and keep me informed of his progress. His chamber in the house is next to yours. And you, my child," said he, turning to Angelo, "follow Angostino, and obey him as you would obey me; and now, gentlemen, let me see what has been done in my absence."

Angostino took Angelo by the hand, and led him into a smaller room, where there was little

to be seen besides an easel, upon which stood a picture, at which he had been at work.

"I once had a brother of your age; he was like you, too. Perhaps you have been sent to me to be one in his stead," said Angostino to Angelo, when they were alone.

"I should like to have a brother," said Angelo; I never had any one to belong to me except my grandmother. Have you a mother?"

"No," replied Angostino, sadly; "my mother and my brother are both blessed spirits now. I shall go to them I hope, some time."

"How glad you will be to meet them," said Angelo; "it must be better to go to heaven when you have friends there you love. I shall see my angel, if ever I get there."

"Ah, you love angels, then," said Angostino; my mother and my brother are the only angels I care about. I always think they can see me, and that they are ever near me; and it keeps me from doing many things which I might be led to do, if it were not for the thought of grieving them, and, perhaps, driving them away."

"I should like to be able to think that," said

Angelo; "but I never saw my mother, and she will not know me."

"Well, it will be all made right, never fear," said Angostino; "I recollect a verse she taught me: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee, saith the Lord.'"

And so they talked together for some time; and Angelo found that a friend had been prepared for him, even in this place of strangers. Angostino and Angelo felt their hearts knit together; and they loved each other like brothers.

Angelo had to work diligently to learn the art of painting. It was not so easy as to carve shapes in wood, after his own fancy; but he gradually gained skill and understanding. He was taken by Angostino to see all that was to be seen in the great city. But the churches moved his spirit beyond all other things. In Rome they are very magnificent, adorned with pictures, statues, and beautiful monuments. Angelo had never cared for amusing himself as a child; and, as he grew up to be a young man, he did not care for what are called pleasures and amusements. He worked very hard at his painting, and in his leisure time he made

carvings in wood. His master had a book which he much prized; and Angelo thought he would make two leaves of wood to bind it up in. It was the work of many months. On one side was represented the history of Joseph, and on the other, the life of Jesus. And the back was carved with flowers and emblems. It was all carved in oak; and there was a silver lock and key, engraved with curious devices. His master was much pleased with this binding for his precious book; and said, "Angelo, you must always take sacred subjects, you do them the best; I suppose it is because you love them most." Angelo said nothing at that time, but went his way.

Angelo did not often see his master, who worked in the upper school, as it was called; and he was besides, often absent upon journeys. Everything needful was, however, provided for Angelo, as though he had been a son. He was taught to ride and fence, and do all that was customary for a well-bred young man of that day. Angostino was always with him; and they loved each other more and more every day.

His heart continued to be filled with the thoughts

of God and his Angels. He lived always as in His presence; and lived and served Him with all his heart. And God kept Angelo in the great city as he had kept him in the forest, from all that was hurtful, and from doing what was not right.

One day it happened that Angelo was in a church, in a distant part of the city, where he did not often go. He saw a venerable old man, whose face seemed familiar to him, though he could not tell when or where he had seen him before. The old man looked very feeble, and appeared to be in great sorrow. After service, Angelo went near him, and they left the church together.

The steps that led down the street were numerous, and the intense heat had made them slippery. Angelo offered his arm to assist the old man, who accepted it.

As they walked along, Angelo became more and more convinced that he had known this old man before; and at last he said so.

"No, my son," replied the old man, "I only came to Rome three days ago. I have been many years in distant countries. I have visited the Holy Places, and have been a missionary to convert

the infidels. I do not know you; but I had a twin brother so much like me, that whoever had seen one had seen both. He lived at Sallanches amongst the Alps where he was the curé."

"At Sallanches!" cried Angelo, joyfully; "I come from Sallanches. It must then have been your brother whom you brought to my remembrance. I was a little tiny child; and he was kind to me, and to my grandmother too. If he had been at home, I should not have been sent away from Sallanches, and should never have seen Rome."

"My brother! you knew my brother!" said the old man in an eager, trembling voice. "Enter the house with me, and in charity tell me all you know of him. I have never seen him since we parted, eight and twenty years ago, in the church where you saw me. I shall never see him more in this world, for he is dead. It was the first news I heard when I arrived. I found a letter, written three years ago, to tell me that he was dead."

The tears trickled down the old man's face as he spoke. They both went into the house; and when the old man was somewhat recovered, Angelo told him all he could recollect of the curé; and thus

naturally brought on his own history, and the sad fate of his poor old grandmother.

"What was your grandmother's name?" asked the old man.

"Theresa Matteo," replied Angelo. She was not a native of Sallanches; but she never told me her native place: nor do I even know the names of my parents. I once asked her; but she said I had no name, and was very angry with me."

"Aye, aye," said the old man, dreaming. "Time passes and the end comes, and this world passes away. It may be that we have been brought face to face to-day, that I might tell you what there is no one else left alive to tell you. You are called Angelo. I knew your mother, and was with her when she died. I gave you, a little baby, into your grandmother's arms; and it was for my sake that my brother watched over you both. Your mother's name was Margaretta Matteo; she was born amongst the valleys of Piedmont, and belonged to the faith of the Waldenses. Her father and her own mother were dead; only her step-mother was alive; and when I knew her, she was residing with her uncle at Genoa. He was a merchant there. I

was then a young man living in the world, rich and gay. My brother had left me to enter the church, and he had been content to become a poor curé at Sallenches. I was angry at him for abandoning all his prospects of worldly honour and riches; he might have had both. I saw your mother, and wished to marry her, she was good and very beautiful; but she would not have me. Shortly after, I heard that she was married to a young man, a soldier, who had been in many battles and seen many strange countries. His name was Manfred Spara. He was your father. He was not a good man; he ill-used your mother, and made her life miserable. At last he went away and left her. As she was one of the Waldenses, he had a pretext: it was not lawful for a Catholic to marry one of that faith. It was the law, and she was punished for having broken it. At first, I was very glad she was so miserable, for I was angry at her; but a better spirit was given to me. I fell sick, and resolved, if I ever got well, I would follow my brother's example and enter the church. One day, when I was getting better, I went out and saw a young woman, very pale and thin, with a baby in

her arms, begging. At first, I only gave her an alms, and was passing on, when I recognised her for Margaretta—for your mother! My heart smote me for all my hard thoughts about her. She looked so pale, and starved for want of food; and the baby was a poor little wailing thing. I sent her food and medicine, and a nurse; but it was all too late: she died, and you were left. My brother had told me that Margaretta's step-mother lived in his parish, and I thought she would take charge of you; but she refused, when my brother asked her, unless she were paid. She came to fetch you, when all had been arranged, and she took you away with her. She had suffered much, poor woman; and it had made her very hard and unkind. I would have kept you myself, but I was ordered abroad by my superiors; and I could only beg my brother to be kind to you both, and he promised that he would. He came to take leave of me, and I have never seen him since. You know all the rest that has befallen you."

Angelo listened eagerly to this account of his mother. "Tell me what she was like, that I may picture her to myself when I think of her."

The old man remained silent for a while, as

though trying to resolve upon something. At last he put his hand into his bosom, and drew forth a small miniature in a black case, which hung round his neck by a ribbon.

"This was her likeness," said he. "I have kept it all these years. Do you take it now; you have a better right to it than I have. Go away now; but promise to let me see you again soon—promise that you will come as long as I live or remain here."

Angelo promised and departed. He wanted to be alone, to think over the tale he had heard. He would not look at his treasure, but thrust it into his bosom and walked hastily home. When he arrived in his own room he locked the door, and knelt down in thankfulness that his desire was granted, he had so earnestly wished to hear something of his mother, and now it had been brought near to him. He opened the black case with trembling hands. He looked, but his eyes were so full of tears that he could not see. At last, however, he looked upon the face of his mother! It was the picture of a very lovely young woman, with bright golden hair, like his own. The colours were faded;

but it seemed as though he had known that face always: it was not at all strange to him. His heart had yearned after his mother, and every year he lived, he had felt a greater craving to hear and know something about her. He told Angostino, his friend, and he told his master of his singular adventure. He had yet another relative to discover; this time a living one.

After hearing his story, the painter was thoughtful for a while, then asking where the old man was to be found, he threw his cloak around him and went out.

A day or two afterwards he called Angelo to his chamber, and said—"I did not speak until I was certain. The Manfred Spara, who married your mother and deserted her, was my uncle. He died long since. You are my only relative. You were my adopted son before; but I am glad the same blood flows in our veins. I have loved you since the moment I saw you. You will be a great artist, and hand down our name through another generation."

The painter embraced him, and Angelo felt himself wrapped and fenced round with the love of one who belonged to him; and none but those who have been as lonely as Angelo, can know the great

blessing of belonging to a family. From that day, by the wish of his master, he took up the name of Spara; and the painter openly acknowledged him to his relatives.

Angelo went every day to see the old man, and to talk to him of his mother. He did not look likely to live long, for his strength was much broken by the hardships he had undergone. He had been thrown into prison at Tunis, where he had gone to preach to the Mahommedans. They beat and tortured him, to try to make him forsake his own faith; but when they found he was firm, they drove him away, and threatened him with death if he ever came back. But his wish to convert the infidels was stronger than his fear of what they could do to him. He remained in Rome only two months, and then he once more set his face towards the city where death awaited him. Angelo went to see him embark, and he parted from him very sorrowfully; for he knew that they would see each other's face no more.

After this, Angelo's life passed peacefully on for several years. He studied diligently his art, and worked at it early and late; for he never thought

of what he did, but of all the perfection that lay before him, and which he felt helpless to attain.

One day his master sent for him, and said—"I want you to come and help me. I am engaged to paint the walls of a church in Florence."

"Is there anything I can do that is worthy to be so honoured?" said Angelo, joyfully.

"My son, give thanks to God. He has given you a great talent; and I believe, that because you have set your love upon Him, He has blessed you, given you skill, and opened your eyes to discern the glorious beauty that has been promised to the 'pure in heart.' "

Angelo bowed his head reverently, but did not speak. From that day forth Angelo became known, not only as the chief pupil and assistant of his master, but his own name began to be spread abroad, and his pictures were much sought after. He never exercised his art except upon sacred subjects, or for the service of the church.

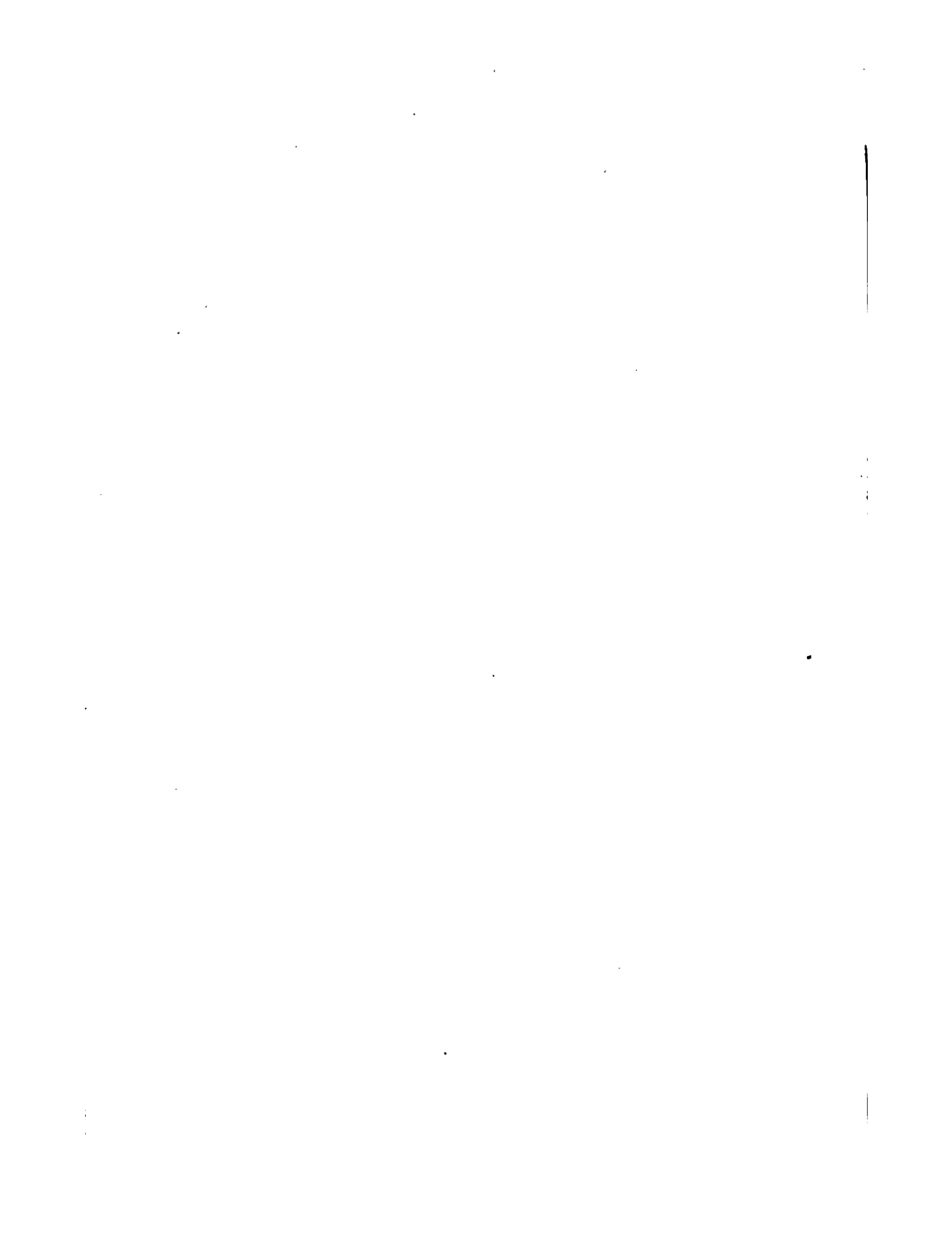
Angostino was always his faithful friend. Angelo far excelled him in painting, and was much more famous; but Angostino rejoiced in his success.

As soon as his master could spare him, Angelo



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ANGELO AND HIS PAINTING.



set off upon a journey which he had long desired; he went to see the curé and Madame Molé. He had always kept up an intercourse with them by letters; but letters did not go, in those days readily, and they were liable to a thousand accidents. His master gave him plenty of money, in order that he might travel in the style in which the painter always indulged himself, for he was rich, and loved to be majestic. But Angelo travelled on foot, with a mule to carry his baggage. He took with him, as an offering, a picture which his master declared was his best; it was called "The Good Shepherd." He also took some choice carvings in wood and ivory, to adorn the village chapel. It was on this journey that the thought came into his heart, to build houses of refuge for all the poor, destitute, neglected children without parents (for the wars had made many orphans) who were left upon the world. He had been so busy learning his art, that he had had no time or thought for anything else; and now he reproached himself for his delay.

Of course both Madame Molé and curé had grown old; but they were alive, and in tolerable

health and strength. Madame Molé, who recollected Angelo as he was when he left them, could scarcely be reconciled to the handsome, tall, well-proportioned young man he returned to her. She had made him a cake, such as he used to enjoy, and then Angelo declared it was the greatest treat he had tasted since he went away. She shook her head, and said that a grown man could not enjoy cakes like a child. However, she kept herself busy in cooking all manner of good things for him during his stay with them.

The good curé was delighted to see him; he said it was the happiest time he had ever spent. He was besides very proud of the adornment of his chapel; for Angelo did not leave them until the chapel was entirely adorned and beautified according to his idea of what it ought to be.

It was scarcely finished, however, before Angelo was summoned home by a great sorrow and a great honour. His master fell sick and died. His illness was too rapid to allow of Angelo being sent for, and Angostino watched by him. The great work in which the painter was engaged was not finished when he died, and the same messen-

ger who brought Angelo the sad news, was the bearer also of a summons from the Pope, to complete the work.

This was a very great honour, but it was the last request of his master, who knew how capable Angelo was of carrying out his design.

Angelo was much grieved at the death of his master, and that he should have been away from him during his illness. He took a tender leave of the curé and Madame Molé; he could scarcely hope ever to see them again, but they were thankful that they had been permitted to meet.

Angelo was obliged to travel with as much expedition as possible. When he reached Rome he found that the painter had bequeathed to him the chief part of his fortune, deducting only some charitable bequests and a legacy to Angostino, which Angelo doubled, and kept him to live beside him and to be his helper, as Angelo had been his master's.

Angelo was now a rich and famous man. No one envied him his success, for he continued to be gentle and modest, as of old.

He carried into effect his plan for providing for destitute and neglected children—not in Rome only

—but in every place where he had occasion to journey. He gathered all the children he could find, and provided means for teaching them, and placing them honestly out in the world. Rich as he was, this required nearly all his fortune; and he could only effect his purpose by renouncing for himself all luxury in diet or apparel, and all state and equipage. He had in his youth been accustomed to do without these things, so it was no great hardship to return to the peasant's fare upon which he had been brought up. But in those days everybody vied with each other in the pride of dress. It was the custom for everybody to have their clothes covered with gold and silver embroidery at immense expense; so that Angelo had to stand out against example; and he admired beautiful things as much as anybody.

After a while Angostino married, and removed to a distant place; and then Angelo felt very lonely again, so he had the poor children brought to live in his great house, and he lived in the midst of them.

He had long wished to see Babbette again. Living with these poor children brought back vividly the recollection of his own childhood, and all that

Babbette had done for him, when he was so miserable. He had so much work to do that he could not get away for a long time. At last, without telling anybody where he was going, he one day locked the door of his studio, and leaving the children under the safe keeping of some good people who were glad to help him, he took a stout staff, with an iron spike at the end of it, and set out on foot towards Sallenches. It was a very long journey, and it was early in the season, and the snow was not all gone from the passes among the mountains, but he arrived in due time, without any accident.

The place looked just as he recollected it; but the people were different. He began to fear he should find Babbette dead, and his heart beat very much. He knocked at the door of the cottage where Babbette used to live; a voice bade him enter—it was Babbette, and did not look, to Angelo, any older than when he had last seen her; to him she was just the same. She was busy preparing the soup, as on that evening when Paul came. But her husband was sitting, a poor cripple, beside the fire-place; an accident in felling a tree had deprived him of the use of his limbs. Babette

looked up, and bid the stranger welcome; Angelo's quick eye discovered the little bowl he had begun to carve, standing upon the shelf.

"O Babbette, have you forgotten me? I made that bowl for you; do you not remember Angelo?"

He had flung his arms round her neck, as he spoke; she trembled, and could scarcely stand.

"Do you know Angelo? Can you tell me what has become of the child? O if you know anything, tell me; I love him as my own child!"

"I myself am Angelo! I am come to look for you; I could live no longer, without seeing you again!"

He turned to the cripple, in his arm-chair, and grasped both his hands. "Thank God, no harm has happened to you. I have never forgiven myself, for sending you away; and when I was made helpless, as you see, my wife said, it was a punishment for my covetousness and cruelty to you."

"She should not have said that;" said Angelo, "we should not judge each other. You see it was well for me, that you sent me away; but now mother, give me some supper, for I am hungry."

Babette was so bewildered, with surprise and joy, that she did not know what she was doing;

and she would have upset the soup kettle, if Angelo had not assisted her!

The next day, it spread abroad, that Angelo was returned; and those who recollected him, made as much rejoicing to see him again, as if they had been his best friends. Indeed, they tried to persuade themselves, that they had always been very fond of him.

When Angelo visited the place where his grandmother lay, he found that the black cross had been removed; grass and moss covered the stones, and a huge tree overshadowed it. A small head-stone had been set up where the name and date of the catastrophe had been rudely carved. Angelo was told that it was the old curé who had done this; and Angelo felt grateful to the good man for having taken away the reproach from her grave. The present curé was very poor; and the chapel had fallen out of repair, and the curé's house was not weather-proof. Angelo gave money to repair the chapel and the house, and he also left a sum in the hands of the chief magistrate of the district for the support of any children who might be left destitute and friendless, as he had been. Angelo

remained here many days; and before he departed, persuaded Babbette and her husband to consent to come and live with him, that the doctors might see if they could not cure her husband. He thought, too, how nice it would be if Babbette would take care of the children. He sent for a suitable waggon to convey the invalid, and he himself accompanied them home, otherwise they would scarcely have found the courage to leave the village where they had lived ever since they were born.

Angelo had them installed comfortably in his house. Babbette made an admirable mother to the orphans, who throve wonderfully under her care; and although her husband did not recover the use of his limbs, he was, nevertheless, able to make himself useful in many ways, and by his kindness to the children, endeavoured to make amends for his cruelty and hard-heartedness to Angelo.

One day, when they had been with Angelo about two years, Babbette came to him in great excitement, and said, "To-day, as I went to market, I saw an old beggar-man. The boys were hooting after him, and tormenting him; he seemed quite mad; he was raving and raging about; his hair

was grown quite white; but I am none the less certain that it was Paul. I was so frightened, I could scarcely support myself home. I tremble now at the thoughts of him. Oh, if he should come here, what would become of us?"

"Calm yourself, good Babbette; he can do no harm, poor man! He must not wander about the streets; I will see what can be done for him."

In spite of Babbette's remonstrances, Angelo took his cap, and went out to assist his old enemy.

He found Paul crouching in a corner of a gateway, jabbering and mowing. Angelo felt some of his old dread creep over him. He went up to him, and addressed him, but could obtain no answer; he was quite mad, and had, from his appearance, most likely made his escape from some mad-house. He was taken to the hospital, where Angelo went to visit him, and placed nurses with him, that he might not be chained. But Paul did not live long; he died in less than a month after he entered the hospital, without recovering his senses, or knowing who was returning him good for evil.

CHAPTER IV.

MANY years passed over. The name of Angelo was known as that of a great painter, and he went into many countries and cities, where he had been called to adorn the churches and the public buildings; but unto whatever town he came, he sought out all the desolate and neglected children, and made a home for them. He knew what children needed; for though he had become a great man, his own heart had always remained as the heart of a little child. He could not remain long in any one city himself, but he placed his children under wise superintendence, so that when he departed, the good he had done remained after him. When the children in these homes came to a suitable age, they were apprenticed out to honest trades; those who shewed

any aptness were removed to his school at Rome, where he became their master, and instructed them in his art. His own dwelling was always in the midst of the children he had gathered together; he loved them, and lived amongst them.

At last there came a year of great scarcity, almost of famine, so that many died of hunger; and it was a time of terrible distress. To add to the misery, a great plague broke out, which carried the people off by hundreds in a day. Angelo closed his school entirely, and devoted himself to searching out the poor children whose parents could no longer take care of them, and who wandered up and down the streets, crying with hunger and misery. Angelo took home all he could find, and as the house where he lived was too small to contain such numbers, he begged from the magistrates a large, empty house, that stood outside the walls. It was somewhat ruinous, but he had it made habitable for them. There was a large, rambling garden attached to it, where they might play all day in safety. These poor children were very sorrowful, notwithstanding they had come to such a fine place, thinking of

the parents whom they had lost. Angelo did all he could to comfort them; but, as he could not remain with them, some good women came to help him, and took charge of the children, whilst Angelo went out into the city every morning, and returned in the evening with all the poor little outcasts he had found.

At length the plague began to abate, and those inhabitants who had left the city returned to their houses. But the gloom had scarcely passed away, when the news spread that Angelo had fallen ill. It would be hard to express the grief and consternation of the whole city. At first the physicians said that Angelo was not very ill; it was not the plague, but only the consequence of the fatigue and exposure he had undergone. He would get well, they said, with care and rest, and recommended him to go to the mountains for change of air. But Angelo refused to leave his beloved children; he knew how ill he was, better than the doctors.

Angelo's disorder was a kind of low fever, which was worse every second day. The children were not allowed to come into the room where he lay, in

the country-house outside the city; but they all assembled every day upon the terrace below his window. He looked out upon them, and spoke to them for a few moments, as his strength permitted; but this was only for a short time: he grew worse, and was unable to leave his bed. Prayers were offered up for him in all the churches; every one prayed for him as for a father, and their prayers were heard, although not in the manner they had hoped. His poor children did not cease to gather below his window; although they no longer might hope to see him, they had no heart to do anything, but sit and watch his window.

At length the day came which the doctors sorrowfully declared most likely would be his last.

Angelo lay quite still. He had suffered but little pain throughout his illness; and now he seemed to be quite unconscious of outward things. His eyes were fixed; but there was a look of sweetness and wonder that transformed his countenance till it seemed to be one of his own angels. His lips moved; but his attendants could only hear occasionally, the words he murmured to himself:—

"The angel; my angel, who guided me and guarded me all my journey through. I see him. I could never paint him. There are the green pastures beside still waters. The good Shepherd is there. In his love and in his pity he redeemed me. He bare me and carried me all the days of old. The angel of his presence saved me. I see the King in his beauty, in the land that is very far off; the wall of jasper; the city of pure gold, like clear glass. When may I come? How long?"

In a little while he appeared to slumber. It was a bright summer evening. The heat during the day had been oppressive; but a cool breeze had sprung up during the last hour.

All at once a muffled sound as of suppressed weeping was heard, and the shuffling of many little feet. The attendant, fearing it would disturb the patient, rose softly to see whence it came. All the children from both the houses were assembled. They crowded the terrace, and had filled the staircase to the chamber door. There they had been waiting long for tidings of their master.

When the attendant appeared at the window, all

restraint was broken down: there arose one long, wailing cry of children weeping, which was taken up by those within the house; and it was all the more vehement for the constraint they had imposed upon themselves.

Angelo started and awoke. At first he seemed bewildered, but he quickly recognized the voices of his children.

“Oh tell them not to break my heart. I cannot bear their tears. Tell them to pray to God for me, for I am dying, and I am a sinful man. How shall I stand before the Judge, on that great white throne? Tell them to pray for me—to pray *now*.”

A great terror seemed suddenly to take hold of him; and he gasped for breath. The children knelt down where they stood, and, stifling their sobs, said, as with one voice, “Please God, bless Angelo, and deliver him from the fear of death.”

Angelo heard them. The dark cloud was rolled away, and the great calm came back.

“The God in whom I have trusted will deliver me from the adversary.”

The voices of the children, mingled now with irrepressible sobbings of grief, again were heard:—"Deliver him from the fear of death!" and with the words of that prayer, the spirit of Angelo departed.

The whole city followed Angelo to the grave. There was not one who did not mourn for him.

Amongst artists he was called "The painter of angels;" but amongst the people he was remembered as "The one who loved little children."

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